

the PRESBYTERIAN

OF THE SOUTH
COMBINING
THE SOUTHWESTERN PRESBYTERIAN
THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN
THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ATLANTA, GA., MAY 26, 1909.

RICHMOND, VA.

"Remembered."

The rain beats hard against my window
pane,
The waves roar out at sea,
And the shriek of the wind, in the chimney
place
Is as wild as a demon's glee.
Yet here I sit and am not afraid,
For the Lord, I know, is thinking of me.

I am old and my strength is almost gone;
I am as poor as poor can be;
My birds have flown, and I'm all alone
In the nest on the old home tree.
But safe and glad; for the Lord, I know,
Is always thinking of me.

O! strange and wild is the world of men
Which the eyes of the Lord must see--
With continents, islands, tribes, and
tongues,
With multitudes, bond and free!
All kings of the earth bow down to him,
And yet--He can think of me.

For none can measure the mind of God
Or the bounds of eternity.
He knows each life that has come from
Him,
To the tiniest bird and bee;
And the love of His heart is so deep and
wide
That it takes in even me.

Mary E. Allbright, In Christian Advocate.

✻ "To the Law and to the Testimony. If they speak not according to
this Word, it is because there is no light in them.---Isaiah liii: 20. ✻